The Middletown Transcript

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You will either spend it, or save it. By depositing it as an initial payment in our Holiday Savings Fund it will "earn" money for you—and start you on the highroad to success.

The Fund has met with tremendous success—more people are joining daily—and thousands of people were made happy this Christmas by receiving their checks two weeks before the great holiday.

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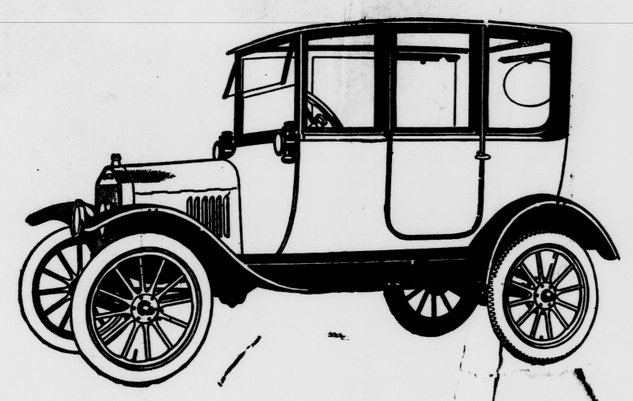

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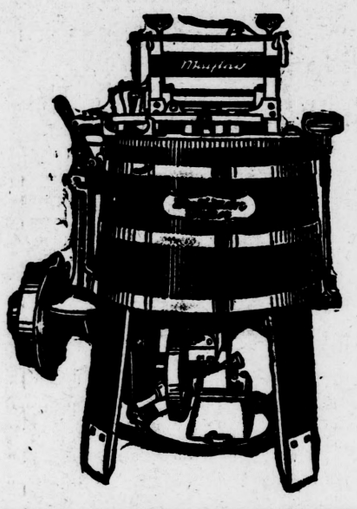


J. F. McWHORTER & SON

FINAL SESSION MADE LIVELY

Jealousy Between Assembly Members and Council

ESPERANTO TURNED DOWN

Closing Speeches Hopeful — President Hymans and President Motta Believe Future of League Secure.

Geneva.—The first meeting of the Assembly of the League of Nations closed in a burst of eloquence after passing through one of the fullest days of its existence in a rather agitated and not always clear, debate.

In farewell speeches Paul Hymans, president of the Assembly, and Dr. Guiseppe Motta, president of Switzerland, told the delegates the first Assembly had proved the League was a living organism and a success. The opinion expressed by the delegates who have participated most actively in the work of the Assembly is that it has done all that could be expected of it, if not more.

A number of pet projects have met with disaster; yet there are few, if any, delegates who remained for the entire Assembly that will leave dissatisfied with the work of that body.

The final day was marked by another encounter between the English delegates and the representatives of the British Dominions. Lord Robert Cecil, acting for South Africa, and C. J. Doherty for Canada, provoked an aggressive and significant declaration by Arthur J. Belfour to the effect that if the Assembly adopted any recommendations concerning mandates he and his successor on the League Council would pay no attention to them.

Lord Robert Cecil and Mr. Doherty criticised the Council for holding back information about mandates and supported the recommendations of the Mandates Committee, the most important of which were that the Assembly express the opinion that the resources of the territories under mandate should not be exploited by the mandatories of their own profit or for the profit of the Allies and that the recruiting of troops should not be allowed in such territoreis.

The recommendations were adopted unanimously, Mr. Balfour contenting himself by saying they would have no effect, instead of voting against them.

Esperanto fell a victim to a sharp assault by Gabriel Hanotaux when the committee reported in favor of an expression by the Assembly with the object of encouraging the general teaching of Esperanto in the public schools with a view to making it eventually an international language and the language of the League. After a debate the Assembly voted against the proposal.

M. Hymans, in his closing speech, dwelt upon the fact that the session of the Assembly demonstrated to all the value of the League of Nations.

"The League has developed a consciousness," he said, "and now reserves to live, and will live. Through the setting up of an internatonal court of justice, the Assembly has established a house of rights and a palace of peace."

He appealed to the youth of the world, the men of tomorrow, those who fought in the great war to construct a moral world indispensable to the future mankind, and concluded:

"Let us continue our ascending march towards the stars."

WORLD'S BIGGEST AIRSHIP.

U. S. Aerial Cruiser Will Fly Across the Atlantic.

New York.—The world's largest airship, the Zr-2, built for the United States Navy in Engand, will fly across the Atlantic, and possibly to the Pacific Coast, late next May, or early in June, the Manufacturers' Aircraft Association announced.

The great airship, known in British air service as the R-38, is one-third larger, far more powerful and has twice the cruising range of the R-34, which was the first, and so far the only, "lighter than air" craft to cross the Atlantic. She will come to this country under the command of an American naval officer, Commander L. H. Maxfeld, and a crew of seventy-two officers and men of the navy.

ORPHANS ESCAPE FIRE.

Twenty-six Overcome by Smoke in Blaze in Asylum.

Philadelphia.—Fire destroyed a two-story dormitory of the Lutheran Orphans' Home and Asylum in Germantown.

Sixty-eight girls were asleep in the building when the fire broke out, but through the heroic work of nurses, matrons and firemen, all were gotten out safely.

Twenty-six of the children, two matrons and one fireman were overcome by smoke. The loss was estimated at $100,000.

FIFTY DAYS GRACE ON TAXES.

Penalties Will Not Be Imposed Until February 3.

Washington.—Persons who were unable to pay their income taxes due on Wednesday, December 15 would have 50 days of grace under a resolution agreed upon by the Ways and Means Committee. It provides that penalties imposed for nonpayment on that date would not be applied until February 3. The measure was introduced by Representative Edmonds, Republican, Pennsylvania, who proposed 60 days of grace. The committee decided that 50 days should be sufficient time in which persons could make arrangements for payment.

MINER FATALLY BURNED.

Eleven Others Narrowly Escape From Blazing House.

Clarksburg, W. Va.—When fire of mysterious origin destroyed a two-story frame boarding house occupied by coal miners at Ocean Mines, near Bridgeport, Anton Martenuk, aged 23, was burned to death and Samuel Mucka and Harry Jacobs were badly injured by jumping from upper windows. Martenuk ran back into the burning structure in an effort to recover some money from his room. Eleven other coal miners had narrow escapes from being burned to death.

RECEIVER FOR RAILROAD.

Tennessee, Alabama And Georgia A Losing Venture From Start.

Chattanooga, Tenn.—The Tennessee, Alabama and Georgia Railroad is in the hands of a receiver on application by Bosworth Smith, general counsl of the company, to Federal Judge E. T. Sanford, at Knoxville, Charles Hicks, present general manager, was appointed receiver. The petition said the property, now owned by the estate of the late Russell Sage, had been a losing venture since its organization.

RAT-BAT STRIKES WATCHMAN.

Victim Of Rare And Poisonous Creature Held For Observation.

New York.—A rat-bat, said to be one of the rarest and most poisonous of animals which have ever put in an appearance in this country, flew from a pil of hides in a warehouse at William and Pearl streets, striking a watchman in the face. The watchman, who declined to give his name, was taken to Volunteer Hospital for observation. Doctors had examind the bat and pronounced the poison with which its veins are filled to be of a deadly nature.

BILL TO PROTECT FARMERS.

Washington.—An embargo for one year against the importation of wheat, wheat flour, barley, rye, oats, flax, wool, hogs, cattle and sheep is proposed in a bill introduced by Representative Young, North Dakota. He also introduced a bill establishing a permanent schedule of import dutics upon these items after the one year embargo.

PAID WITH HIS LIFE.

Captain Who Was Blamed For Sinking of Launch.

Louisville, Ky.—Criminal carelessness upon the part of Captain George H. Hart, master of the United States steam launch Margaret, that sank in the Ohio River Saturday night, was responsible for the tragedy, according to the verdict returned by a coroner's jury, following the recovery of the body of one of the eleven victims.

WASHINGTON SIDELIGHTS

Saving Fish That Stray in Flood Time

WASHINGTON. — A conservation measure of vast importance, says the annual report of the secretary of commerce, is the rescuing of food fishes that are left in temporary ponds, lakes, pools and sloughs on the subsidence of the floods of the Mississippi river and tributary streams. The annual losses of valuable fish life owing to the drying or freezing of all these shallow waters have been enormous and have affected the food supply of the entire region from Minnesota and Wisconsin to Mississippi and Louisiana. Thus the situation is clearly one that comes under the federal purview, and the bureau of fisheries has assumed the task of mitigating, as far as resources will permit, the yearly destruction of food fishes, its operations being supplemented by those of several states.

During the fiscal year 1920, more particularly in the period from July to November, the number of food fishes rescued from the overflowed lands bordering the Mississippi and tributaries reached the noteworthy total of 156,659,000, all of which would inevitably have perished. This salvaged output, which was about 100,000,000 in excess of the results in any previous season, was returned to the open waters in the vicinity of the points of collection, with the exception of less than 1,000,000 fishes of various species of bass that were used in supplying individual applicants or in satisfying the requisitions of fish commissions.

The young fish saved in the 1920 operations, if they had been hatched and reared in the usual manner at the ordinary fish-cultural establishments, would have required several hundred such stations to produce. The entire cost of the rescue work was only 13 cents per 1,000 fish for about 75 per cent of the output.

McCormick Would Shake Up Departments

ABOLITION of the Department of the Interior, creation of two new departments—one to be known as the Department of Public Works and the other as the Department of Public Welfare—and general reorganization of other governmental departments is proposed in a bill prepared by Senator McCormick, Republican, Illinois, for introduction at this session of congress.

Senator McCormick is now in Europe and the principal provisions of his bill were outlined in a statement issued from his office. The statement said that while the bill would be introduced early in the session action on it probably would be deferred until after the inauguration of President-elect Harding.

The proposed Department of Public Works, under the bill, would include all important engineering and building services of the government. The department of public welfare would include various welfare agencies of the government, such as the woman's bureau, now in the Department of Labor; the pension bureau, now in the Department of the Interior; the public health service, the bureau of war risk insurance and the vocational training board.

The Department of Commerce would be enlarged so as to increase its usefulness to business.

Creation of an office in the state department to have jurisdiction over insular affairs and territories such as Alaska would be provided for. The alien property custodian's office and the division of the secret service would be placed under the department of justice. The office of the comptroller of currency would be abolished and its function transferred to the federal reserve board.

The McCormick measure also would abolish the board of mediation and conciliation and transfer its functions to the Department of Labor, and abolish the council of national defense and discontinue its functions.

The measure transfers to the department of commerce the weather bureau, patent office, coast guard, lake survey office, hydrographic office, naval observatory and inland and coastwise waterways service.

Poor Old Nineteenth Amendment in Bad

POOR old Nineteenth amendment's troubles are far from being over, according to the National Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage. Anyway, the organization with this elongated and impressive name says it has just begun to fight.

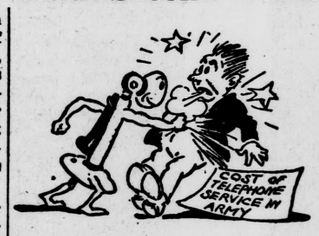
In other words the National Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage announces that it has begun a new campaign. There are two purposes which animate the association and inspire the campaign. One is nothing less than the repeal of the Nineteenth amendment. The other is the passage of legislation to restore "state rights." It proposes to have congress pass an amendment requiring ratification by popular vote of all amendments to the Constitution.

The anti-suffrage association, in an analysis of the woman vote in the recent election, says, "the majority of women stayed at home" and "instead of twelve million only nine or ten million women voted."

"In other words," says the analysis, "only one-third of the 27,000,000 women eligible to vote, about which the suffragists have been shouting for years, could be persuaded to go to the polls."

No wonder the N. A. O. T. W. S. is on the war path.

We Are Living in a Tenth-Second World



CHARACTERIZING the progress in the radio art as "nothing short of phenomenal," Major General Squier, chief signal officer of the army, in his annual report, says that from a technical point of view there has never been a period when the whole subject of electrical methods and means of intercommunication was in a more healthful state.

General Squier reports that notwithstanding the estimated general increase in cost of telephone service of 25 per cent throughout the country, the signal corps succeeded in decreasing the cost to the army by 42.72 per cent.

He believes that, as a matter of policy, the signal corps should own, maintain and operate telephone systems at all permanent activities and announces that as rapidly as the permanent status of military posts becomes known negotiations will be opened with the telephone companies for the purchase of war activity telephone systems.

Asserting that with suitable apparatus messages may be exchanged between any two points on the surface of the globe, General Squier says we are in fact living in a "tenth-second world," since with suitable equipment any radio impulse passes between any two points within this time.

Perhaps the most important of the many developments worked out during the year by the signal corps has been the putting into practical use of General Squier's own invention of applying radio telephony and telegraphy to bare wires laid in the sea or in the earth.

Is Russia to Be Saved Through Trade?

NOT only is the United States authorized to resume trade relations with Russia, but the state department is directed to apologize to that country for invasion of her territory by American troops, in a congressional resolution announced by Senator Joseph I. France.

He says Democrats as well as all the Republicans are expected to vote for the resolution, which is aimed to place the United States on equality with Great Britain, which has recently concluded a trade agreement with the soviet government. The purpose of Senator France's resolution is set forth in the preamble as follows:

"Providing for establishment of more friendly relations with Russia, for lifting of the embargo against shipments to that country, for extension of trade and commerce with the Russian people, for arrangement of credits, for any needed explanations or reparations which may be due from this country for our invasion of Russian territory, for expression of our gratitude to the Russian people for their heroic part in defense of civilization, our felicitations to them for having overthrown a despotic government, and assurances of the desire of the American people to co-operate with them and to assist them in every proper and possible way in their efforts to establish institutions which will insure to them an ordered liberty."

The idea seems to be that if Russia cannot be saved from the Bolshevists she must be saved in spite of Bolshevists. We must find some way of taking hold of her problem and helping her to regain her reason and her feet. The only means of approach that now seems open is through trade.

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The Voice of the Pack

By EDISON MARSHALL

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SYNOPSIS.

Warned by his physician that he has not more than six months to live, Failing sits despondently on a park bench, wondering where he should spend those six months. A friendly squirrel practically decides the matter for him. His blood is pioneer blood, and he decides to end his days in the forests of Oregon. Memories of his grandfather and a deep love for all things of the wild help him in reaching a decision. In a large southern Oregon city he meets people who had known and loved his grandfather, a famous frontiersman. He makes his home with Silas Lennox, a typical westerner. The only other members of the household are Lennox's son, "Bill," and daughter, "Snowbird." Their abode is many miles from "civilization," in the Umpqua divide, and there Failing plans to live out the short span of life which he has been told is his. His extreme weakness in the face of even a slight exertion convinces him that the doctor had made a correct diagnosis of his case.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

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Yes, Steele knew Bill. Bill weighed two hundred pounds, and he would choose the biggest of the steers he drove down to the lower levels in the winter and, twisting its horns, would make it lay over on its side. Besides, both of the men assumed that Dan must be only in the first stages of his malady.

And even as the men talked, the train that bore Dan Failing to the home of his ancestors was entering for the first time the dark forests of pine and fir that make the eternal background of the Northwest. He was wholly unable to understand the strange feeling of familiarity that he had with them, a sensation that in his dreams he had known them always, and that he must never go out of the range of them again.

* * * * * * *

Dan didn't see his host at first. For the first instant he was entirely engrossed by a surging sense of disappointment—a feeling that he had been tricked and had only come to another city after all. He got down onto the gravel of the station yard, and out on the gray street pavement he heard the clang of a trolley car. Many automobiles were parked just beside the station, some of them foreign cars of expensive makes, such as he supposed would be wholly unknown on the frontier. A man in golf clothes brushed his shoulder.

Dan looked up to the hills, and he felt better. He couldn't see them plainly. The faint smoke of a distant forest fire half obscured them. Yet he saw fold on fold of ridges of a rather peculiar blue in color, and even his untrained eyes could see that they were clothed in forests of evergreen. Over the heads of the green hills Dan could see a few great peaks; McLaughlin, even and regular as a painted mountain; Wagner, with queer white gashes where the snow still lay in its ravines, and to the southeast the misty range of snow-covered hills that were the Sickeyous. He felt decidedly better. And when he saw old Silas Lennox waiting patiently beside the station, he felt he had come to the right place.

It would be interesting to explain why Dan at once recognized the older man for the breed he was. Silas Lennox was not dressed in a way that would distinguish him. It was true that he wore a flannel shirt, riding trousers and rather heavy, leathern boots. But sportsmen all over the face of the earth wear this costume at sundry times. Mountain men have a peculiar stride by which experienced persons can occasionally recognize them; but Silas Lennox was standing still when Dan got his first glimpse of him. The case resolves itself into a simple matter of the things that could be read in Lennox's face.

Dan disbelieved wholly in a book that told how to read characters at

"You're Dan Failing's Grandson, Aren't You?"

sight. Yet at the first glance of the lean, bronzed face his heart gave a curious little bound. A pair of gray eyes met his—two fine black points in a rather hard gray iris. They didn't look past him, or at either side of him, or at his chin or his forehead. They looked right at his own eyes. The skin around the eyes was burned brown by the sun, and the flesh was so lean that the cheekbones showed plainly. The mouth was straight; but yet it was neither savage nor cruel. It was simply determined.

Lennox came up with a light, silent tread and extended his hand. "You're Dan Failing's grandson, aren't you?" he asked. "I'm Silas Lennox, who used to know him when he lived on the Divide. You are coming to spend the summer and fall on my ranch."

The immediate result of these words, besides relief, was to set Dan wondering how the old mountaineer had recognized him. He wondered if he had any physical resemblance to his grandfather. But this hope was shot to earth at once. His telegram had explained about his malady, and of course the mountaineer had picked him out simply because he had the mark of the disease on his face. As he shook hands, he tried his best to read the mountaineer's expression. It was all too plain: an undeniable look of disappointment.

The truth was that even in spite of all the Chamber of Commerce head had told him, Lennox had still hoped to find some image of the elder Dan Failing in the face and body of his grandson. Because of the thick glasses, Lennox could not see the young man's eyes; but he didn't think it likely they were at all like the eyes with which the elder Failing saw his way through the wilderness at night. Of course he was tall, just as the famous frontiersman had been, but while the elder weighed one hundred and ninety pounds, bone and muscle, this man did not touch one hundred and thirty. Evidently the years had brought degeneracy to the Failing clan. Lennox was desolated by the thought.

He helped Dan with his bag to a little wiry automobile that waited beside the station. They got into the two front seats, and a moment later were starting up the long, curved road that led to the Divide.

During the hour that they were crossing over the foothills, on the way to the big timber, Silas Lennox talked a great deal about the frontiersman that had been Dan's grandfather. A mountain man does not use profuse adjectives. He talks very simply and very straight, and often there are long silences between his sentences. Yet he conveys his ideas with entire clearness.

Dan realized at once that if he could be, in Lennox's eyes, one-fifth of the man his grandfather had been, he would never have to fear again the look of disappointment with which his host had greeted him at the station. But instead of reaching that high place, he had only—death. He knew what his destiny was in these quiet hills. And it was true that he began to have secret regrets that he had come. But it wasn't that he was disappointed in the land that was opening up before him. It fulfilled every promise. His sole reason for regrets lay in the fact that now the whole mountain world would know of the decay that had come upon his people. Perhaps it would have been better to have left them to their traditions.

He had never dreamed that the fame of his grandfather had spread so far. For the first ten miles Dan listened to stories—legends of a cold nerve that simply could not be shaken; of a powerful, tireless physique; of moral and physical strength that was seemingly without limit. Then, as the foothills began to give way to the higher ridges, and the shadow of the deeper forests fell upon the narrow, brown road, there began to be long gaps in the talk. And soon they rode in utter silence, evidently both of them absorbed in their own thoughts.

Dan did not feel oppressed at all. He merely seemed to fall into the spirit of the woods, and no words came to his lips. Every mile was an added delight to him. Not even wine could have brought a brighter sparkle to his eyes. He had begun to experience a vague sort of excitement, an emotion that was almost kin to exultation, over the constant stir and movement of the forest life. Once, as they stopped the car to refill the radiator from a mountain stream, Lennox looked at him with sudden curiosity. "You are getting a thrill out of this, aren't you?" he asked wonderingly.

It was a curious tone. Perhaps it was a hopeful tone, too. He spoke as if he hardly understood.

"A thrill!" Dan echoed. He spoke as a man speaks in the presence of some great wonder. "Good Heavens, I never saw anything like it in my life."

"In this very stream," the mountaineer told him joyously, "you may occasionally catch trout that weigh three pounds."

But as he got back into the car the look of interest died out of Lennox's eyes. Of course any man would be somewhat excited by his first glimpse of the wilderness. It was not that he had inherited any of the traits of his grandfather. It was absurd to hope that he had. And he would soon get tired of the silences and want to go back to his cities. He told his thought—that it would all soon grow old to him; and Dan turned almost in anger.

"You don't know," he said. "I didn't know myself, how I would feel about it. I'm never going to leave the hills again."

"You don't mean that."

"But I do." He tried to speak further, but he coughed instead. "But I couldn't if I wanted to. That cough tells you why, I guess."

"You mean to say—" Silas Lennox turned in amazement. "You mean that you're a—a goner? That you've given up hope of recovering?"

"That's the impression I meant to convey. I've got a little over four months—though I don't see that I'm any weaker than I was when the doctor said I had six months. Those four will take me all through the fall and the early winter. And I hope you won't feel that you've been imposed upon—to have a dying man on your hands."

"It isn't that." Silas Lennox threw his car into gear and started up the long grade. And he drove clear to the top of it and into another glen before he spoke again. Then he pointed to what looked to Dan like a brown streak that melted into the thick brush. "That was a deer," he said slowly. "Just a glimpse, but your grandfather could have got him between the eyes. Most like as not, though, he'd have let him go. He never killed except when he needed meat. But that—as you say—ain't the impression I'm trying to convey."

He seemed to be groping for words.

"What is it, Mr. Lennox?" Dan asked.

"Instead of being sorry, I'm mighty glad you've come," Lennox told him. "It's not that I expect you to be like your grandfather. You haven't had his chance. But it's always the way of true men, the world over, to come

"You'd Better Wait Till Tomorrow, Dan."

back to their own kind to die. That deer we just saw—he's your people, and so are all these ranchers that grub their lives out of the forests—they are your people, too. And you couldn't have pleased the old man's old friends any better, or done more for his memory, than to come back to his own land for your last days."

The words were strange, yet Dan intuitively understood. It was as if a prodigal son had returned at last, and although his birthright was squandered and he came only to die, the people of his home would give him kindness and forgiveness, even though they could not give him their respect.

CHAPTER III.

The Lennox home was a typical mountain ranch-house—square, solid, comforting in storm and wind. Bill was out to the gate when the car drove up. He was a son of his father, a strong man in body and personality. He too had heard of the elder Failing, and he opened his eyes when he saw the slender youth that was his grandson. And he led the way into the white-walled living room.

"You must be chilly and worn out from the long ride," Lennox suggested quietly. He spoke in the tone a strong man invariably uses toward an invalid. Dan felt a curious resentment at the words.

"I'm not cold," he said. "It's hardly dark yet. I'd sooner go outdoors and look around."

The elder man regarded him curiously, perhaps with the faintest glimmer of admiration. "You'd better wait till tomorrow, Dan," he replied. "Bill will have supper soon, anyway. You don't want to overdo too much, right at first."

"But, good heavens! I'm not going to try to spare myself while I'm here. It's too late for that."

Dan Failing is introduced to "Snowbird," who proves to be a decidedly interesting member of the Lennox family, and Dan shows new interest in life in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Watch Expenditures.

If he who is always hard up will but keep a record of his expenditures he may find that he is more lacking in sense than in dollars.

Or a "Situation."

When a statesman runs into a brick wall and sees no way to get over or under, he emits a few sharp yelps and calls it a crisis.—Baltimore Sun.

Siamese Hair Dressing.

The wives of Siamese noblemen cut their hair so that it stands straight up on their heads. The average length is about one inch and a half.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL
SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON
By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.
(©, 1920, Western Newspaper Union.)

LESSON FOR DECEMBER 26

JESUS FEEDS THE MULTITUDE.

LESSON TEXT—Matt. 14:22-33.

GOLDEN TEXT—They need not depart; give ye them to eat.—Matt. 14:16.

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL—Matt. 15:32-39; Mark 6:32-44; Luke 9:10-17; John 6:1-13.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Jesus Feeds Many Hungry People.

JUNIOR TOPIC—Jesus Feeding the Five Thousand.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Helping to Feed the Hungry.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Ministry of Jesus to the Multitude.

Since we took the "Birth of Jesus" for our Christmas lesson last Sunday, let us now study the alternate lesson for last Sunday instead of the review.

I. Jesus Healing the Multitude (vv. 13, 14).

1. Jesus retired to the desert (v. 13). The news of the cruel death of John the Baptist brought grief to the Master's heart, and He withdrew to a place of quietness to commune with the Father. The very best thing for us to do in time of sorrow is to flee into the presence of God. Jesus accepted John's death as typical of what they would do to Him.

2. Followed by the people (v. 13). He could not be hid. Their interest in Him was so great that they followed him on foot. Where Jesus really is the multitude will gather.

3. Jesus healing the sick (v. 14). Although the rulers had broken with Him, He did not abandon His work but continued to preach and to work for the good of those who would hear. The multitudes broke in upon Him and disturbed His quiet hour with God, but the great heart of the King was moved with compassion as He beheld the suffering multitudes—sick, lame, blind and palsied. Though the people brought their desperate, hopeless cases to Him there was nothing too hard for Him. The sight of the multitude as sheep without a shepherd moved Him to pity.

II. Jesus Feeding the Hungry Multitude (vv. 15-21).

According to the connection in John 6:1-14 the real purpose of this miracle was to show himself as the Bread of Eternal Life sent down from heaven.

1. Jesus' conference with the disciples (vv. 15-18). (1.) The disciples' request (v. 15). They asked that the multitude be sent away. They knew that they were in a desert place, therefore prudence would indicate that they would go to the village to buy victuals, (2) Jesus' command (v. 16). "Give ye them to eat." Such a command would have been utter foolishness had He not possessed the power to create the supply; but always with the command of Jesus goes the power to do. (3) The disciples' perplexity (v. 17.) They said "We have but five loaves and two fishes." They were counting on their meager resources, leaving Christ out. To be face to face with the humanly impossible is a threefold benefit (a) To make us feel our dependence upon Christ; (b) to drive us to Him for His help in our need; (c) to lead us to give the glory to Him for results.

2. Jesus' method in feeding the multitude (vv. 18-21.) (1) The Lord's part. He created the provisions. He is able to create that which will meet the needs of the hungry multitude. (2) The people's part. They were to sit and eat. They were not responsible for the creation of the supply nor its distribution, but they were responsible for obedience. (3) The disciples' part. This was to take that which the Master had blessed and distribute it. We are laborers together with God. God has made us partners in the salvation of the world.

III. Jesus Alone in the Mountains Praying (vv. 22, 23).

1. He induced the disciples to get into the ship (v. 22). The reason for this was that He decired to keep them from being mixed up with the crowd, for they desired to force him to be king.

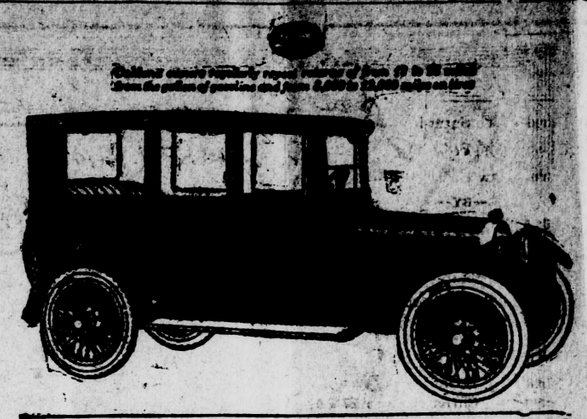
2. Multitudes were dismissed (v. 23). This was to prevent the multitude from trying to force Him to be king. When they saw His wonderful ability to feed the hungry multitude they desired to have such a man made king.

3. Praying alone (v. 23). He doubtless was praying for the disciples. He knew what trials they would have to undergo. Having been induced by Him to enter the ship and being overtaken by the storm, they were doubtless tempted to think that a mistake had been made; but we should learn that the way which the Lord would have us go is not always without its storms. In fact, the storm is a pretty good indication that it is the Lord's way.

Doubtless He also went apart to commune with the Father in order to gain relief and strength for Himself, especially since the multitude were now ready to make Him king. It was no doubt a real temptation to Him.

One Learns to Lean.

It came to me on one of the Christmas holy days (not holidays), for the ever-present pain will not give me one; and who can be merry and sing songs when the muscles ache and the nerves quiver? But one may have holy days even then, and perhaps holier ones than when health is girding the limbs with strength and hope quickening the heart's pulses. In health we are too apt to say boldly, I can stand alone and the earth is my football. In sickness one needs to lean, and one learns to lean, and one loves to lean. We go to the Father then, even as timid children, who, thinking at morning they can live without a mother, at evening cling to her with tight hands and fall asleep sweetly on her breast.—Mrs. C. A. Soule.



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THE FLIVVER

By F. G. HARRINGTON.

(©, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

When you go to New York they show you the Woolworth building or the Brooklyn bridge, and when with craned neck or bulging eyes you merely gasp and exclaim "By heck!" then your Manhattan friend nonchalantly turns away with the remark, "Not a bad little building."

Just so do the natives of Woodfield conduct their visiting friends to the Stafford poultry farm. Strangers invariably admire the magnificent home and grounds of the millionaire owner, and at sight of the immense farm just black with poultry houses invariably their eyes bulge, they gasp and declare. "Good night!" "It's certainly some place," they say, "but one thing puzzles me. You say this Stafford is a millionaire?"

"Yes, sir, Ted Stafford made his pile all right," and Cy smiles to himself as if enjoying some secret joke.

"Well, why under the sun doesn't he buy a real automobile? These flivvers of his are camouflaged with wire wheels and made-to-order bodies so they almost deceive you, but still they're only flivvers when all's said and done."

A-ha! Cy knew that was coming. He licks his chops and begins. For of all the stories that Woodfield likes to tell about her citizens that is the favorite.

It was eight years ago in the month of June. Ted Stafford and his mother lived together on their little farm doing a very prosperous egg business, the nucleus of the Stafford poultry farm. When Ted graduated from Harvard two years previous he was entirely satisfied to settle down as a farmer.

This June afternoon, however, Ted was not farming. Just after dinner he took a bath and donned his "city" clothes. When he walked into the kitchen, straw hat in hand, his mother appraised him with an expression of proud admiration.

"Dear me, Ted," she joked, "it's no wonder Ruth likes Woodfield. I certainly admire her taste."

"Aw, cut it out, ma. Say, ma, do you like this tie?"

Of course she did. And if ma did, then Ruth surely would.

Just now he was setting out for the station to meet the 3:45, which was bringing Ruth from the city.

It was about quarter-past three when Ted alighted from the depot wagon. He bustled into the station and shouted a greeting to Ira Jones, who performed the duties of ticket agent, baggage master and telegraph operator, and whose official title was "station agent." Ira was the news center of Woodfield, since he picked up the doings of the surrounding towns from the agents along the line. Outside of this, the use of the telegraph in Woodfield was negligible

"What's new, Iry?" queried Ted.

"Well, they got a new barber down in Johnsonville, and there's a burlesque show comin' inter Eastway Thursday night. Reckon Woodfield's male population will be 'nuda depleted Thursday p. m. Think you'll go down?"

"No, I guess not, Ira."

Here their dialogue was interrupted by the clicking of the telegraph receiver. Ted sauntered over to the gum machine and surveyed himself as best he could in the little circle of mirror. He bestowed a second or two on his tie and began to caress his mustache. At least Ted claimed it was a mustache; but were he not a six-footer some of his acquaintances might have differed. However, it was still very young and, like all young things, was rather weak, with its best days before it.

"Ted!" Something in Ira's voice startled him, and he rushed to the ticket window. Consternation was written on every line of Ira's face.

"S-say, Ted, w-was there some friend of yours on the 3:45?"

"What's the matter?"

"It's gone over the banking at Fairfield junction. Some mix-up in signals—had a collision."

Ted felt the hot blood surge through his arteries. "My God! Iry, do they—was anybody hurt?"

Ira spent the next few minutes frantically clicking his instrument, while Ted waited tensely, as pale as a statue and as rigid.

"What they say, Ira—what they say?"

"He says they don't know for sure, but they expect considerable injuries an' maybe some deaths." Ira was truthful but not tactful.

Ted commenced to pace the floor in a frenzy of anxiety. If he could only do something—if he could only act! But this suspense . . .

Meanwhile the little instrument was still clicking. This time Ira was taking a message in pencil. With the cessation of the clicking he called out, "A wire from Boston for Theodore Stafford."

Ted devoured the message and when he finished he was weak with joy. To this date he rates that telegram among his most valuable possessions.

Mr. Theodore Stafford, Woodfield, Mass.:

I missed the 3:45. Will arrive tomorrow morning. Taxi broke down and couldn't get another. It was a flivver. Blame flivvers anyway. RUTH.

"An' I swan," declares Cy. "Ted ain't never got over his likin' for flivvers—an' if you saw his wife I dunno's y'd blame him either."

Mrs. Bullock Recommends Chamberlain's Cough Remedy

"Last winter when my children were sick with colds and were coughing a good deal I gave them Chamberlain's Cough Remedy" writes Mrs. C. M. Bullock, Gorham, N. Y. "It relieved them at once and under this treatment all symptoms of the cold gradually disappeared. My experience with this medicine warrants my recommending it to others."

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25% 1-4 Off

Men's Suits, $22.50 to $60
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ESTATE OF CAROLINE MILLER, Deceased. Notice is hereby given that Letters of Administration cum testamento annexo upon the Estate of Caroline Miller, late of St. Georges Hundred, deceased, were duly granted unto Martin B. Burris on the Twelfth day of July A. D. 1920 and all persons indebted to the said deceased are requested to make payment to the Administrator C. T. A. without delay, and all persons having demands against the deceased are required to exhibit and present the same duly probated to the said Administrator C. T. A. on or before the Twelfth day of July A. D. 1921, or abide by the law in this behalf.

MARTIN B. BURRIS,
Administrator
C. T. A.

Address
Middletown, Del.

ESTATE OF SAMUEL EMLIN MASSEY, Deceased. Notice is hereby given that Letters of Administration upon the Estate of Samuel Emlin Massey, late of St. Georges Hundred, deceased, were duly granted unto Albert L. Massey, on the Fifteenth day of July, A. D. 1920, and all persons indebted to the said deceased are requested to make payment to the Administrator without delay, and all persons having demands against the deceased are required to exhibit and present the same duly probated to the said Administrator on or before the Fifteenth day of July, A. D. 1921, or abide by the law in this behalf.

ALBERT L. MASSEY,
Administrator.

Address
605 W. 20th St.,
Wilmington, Delaware.

ESTATE OF ROSA K. WEBER DE ceased. Notice is hereby given that Letters Testamentary upon the Estate of Rosa K. Weber, late of St. Georges Hundred, deceased, were duly granted unto Daniel W. Stevens and Curtis F. Millman, on the twenty-fifth day of September, A. D. 1920, and all persons indebted to the said deceased are requested to make payment to the Executors without delay, and all persons having demands against the deceased are required to exhibit and present the same duly probated to the said Executors on or before the twenty-fifth day of September, A. D. 1921, or abide by the law in this behalf.

Address
Daniel W. Stevens,
Curtis F. Millman,
Executors.

Middletown, Del.
Woodside, Kent Co., Del.

ESTATE OF FRANK MILLER, deceased. Notice is hereby given that Letters of Administration cum testamento annexo upon the Estate of Frank Miller, late of St. Georges Hundred, deceased, were duly granted unto Martin B. Burris on the Twelfth day of July A. D. 1920 and all persons indebted to the said deceased are requested to make payment to the Administrator C. T. A. without delay, and all persons having demands against the deceased are required to exhibit and present the same duly probated to the said Administrator C. T. A. on or before the Twelfth day of July A. D. 1921, or abide by the law in this behalf

MARTIN B. BURRIS,
Administrator
C. T. A.

Address
Middletown, Del.

ESTATE OF LESTER M. NAYLOR Deceased. Notice is hereby given that Letters Testamentary upon the Estate of Lester M. Naylor, late of St. Georges Hundred, deceased, were duly granted unto Hester A. Naylor, on the seventh day of December, A. D., 1920, and all persons indebted to the said deceased are requested to make payment to the Executrix without delay, and all persons having demands against the deceased are required to exhibit and present the same duly probated to the said Executrix on or before the seventh day of December, A. D., 1921, or abide by the law in this behalf.

HESTER A. NAYLOR,
Executrix.

Address
RICHARD S. RODNEY,
Attorney-at-Law,
907 Market Street,
Wilmington, Del.

Sales to Take Place

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 15TH, 1920—Public Sale of stock, farming implements, household goods, etc., by Richard F. Fennebore, on the "Wilson Farm, on the stone road leading from Middletown to Townsend. C. C. Reynolds, Asst.

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Annual Meeting!

THE CANTWELL MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.
Odessa, Del., Dec. 2d, 1920

The members of the Cantwell Mutual Insurance Company will meet at the office of the late Joseph H. Enos, Odessa, Del., on Monday, Jan. 3d, 1921 at which time seven (7) directors will be elected to serve for the ensuing year, and for such other business as may be brought before the meeting.

Election for Directors will be held between the hours of 11 o'clock A. M. and 1 o'clock P. M.

JOS. C. BROWN, Secretary.
P. B. MESSICK.

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Another Alexander.

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"My dear, he's said that to every girl he's been engaged to—then he's looked around for new worlds to conquer."—Boston Transcript.

Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" is not a "lozenge" or "slrup," but a real old-fashioned dose of medicine which cleans out Worms or Tapeworm with a single dose.—Adv.

How to Keep Rubber Soft.

A prominent tire manufacturer says that an excellent way to prevent hardening of inner tubes when they are stored for the winter is to place them in hot water once a month or every six weeks. They should be immersed for just a couple of minutes, and should then be carefully dried and partly inflated before being hung up again. This treatment serves to keep the rubber pliable and soft.

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Agents for FORD Permanent Non-Skid Chains. Will deliver. Instantly on and off big autos. Reese Co., Plainsville, Conn.

Herr Mayo's Christmas Formula.

BY H. M. EGBERT

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AN OLD man, his fellow lodgers would have called him, had they not long ceased to speculate upon Herr Julius Mayo's activities in the three poorly furnished rooms at the top of the old converted mansion on lower Second avenue. But he was not so old—barely sixty, in fact. Still, time is measured by its fullness, and the old German had lived through youth and maturity, marriage and parenthood, so that the future held nothing in store for him except what he had put into it; and of all life's riches he had held to one thing only after his wife had died.

That was his chemical researches. Interest had attached itself to him at first because he was suspected of being a counterfeiter. He had, in fact, been honored with a visit from the chief of detectives when he first took up his abode in the ramshackle old place five years before. But Herr Mayo had speedily convinced his caller that he was only a harmless crank, engaged on some obstruse and apparently insoluble problem.

But the problem happened to be one toward whose solution a thousand brains were just then concentrated in several hundred laboratories. It was, in fact, the manufacture of synthetic rubber. To this end, which would mean fabulous wealth for the discoverer, Herr Mayo bent all his energies. A tiny patrimony supported him meanwhile. Once he had been well-to-do, and had had friends; that was when he was a lecturer at the Imperial university of Bonn, and before his reckless marriage with a notorious actress shocked and scandalized the puritanical society—but why should he be recalling this now, as he bent over his test tubes and weighed out imperceptible quantities of compounds from his tiny measuring scales? That was Herr Mayo's one chivalrous act, and he had paid in honor and wealth and friends when he plunged into the irretrievable because love proved stronger than prudence. And they had always been happy until she died, five years before, though often the lean hunger wolf howled against the threshold. But then there was their child, Ida, and she, too, had become a memory, and nothing remained except the bubbling test tube and the spreading color beneath the surface layer of gold.

The old German shook his memories away and smiled at the changing liquid. What was past was past, but there was always the future, and just now he felt very sure that he was on the track of his discovery. Then honor and wealth would be his.

Once in a million times the seeker of synthetic compounds may hit upon his goal by chance. But almost universally it is a process of elimination, of endless working round and round toward an objective point which seems to recede the more elusively as one approaches it. Nine hundred and forty formulae he had written down in microscopic figures upon a large folded sheet of paper, and these were compounds of but a single form of carbon. Of these seven and twenty were the most promising, and he had grouped them together.

"Now why am I thinking of Minna tonight?" growled the old man impatiently, rising and pushing back the damp hair from his furrowed forehead.

But he was not thinking of Minna, except indirectly. He was thinking of Ida, their daughter. It was five years since his wife had died, and almost upon the first anniversary of her death he had driven his daughter from his home when in her agony and despair she confessed to him that she had sullied the name she bore. She had married secretly a worthless fellow who, it turned out, had a wife living. He had died since, but he could not forget the stigma. The Mayos had been of the old Junker families, who had held honorable records in East Prussia. He, Julius, had lost caste when he married the actress, but that, at least, was a legitimate union. And now, his daughter's involuntary offense would banish them both forever should he return with his discovery, to seek social recognition in his native land. The years of ostracism and loneliness, to be redeemed at the end by this triumph, had made the old man very bitter. When Ida left him the last link that bound him to humanity seemed to have snapped. He often told himself that he was glad she was gone. He had put the very thought of her away; it should not rise up now.

A tapping sounded at the door, and he rose up wearily to open it. Outside stood the postman. He was very late because it was the holiday season and his mail was large. The old man gave him a small weekly sum to bring his letters to his apartment instead of leaving them in the box beneath. His correspondence was too precious, just had, done. And the liquid in the tube was brown, burned out gold that had lost its power to charm him. He stopped and listened. Somewhere up the street the Christmas bells were calling worshipers to church. So they had called him once, long ago, in Germany, when he was a lad with the world before him and filled with the zest of life. The remembrances of his early days surged over him like a lava flood. He could stay no longer in that big, empty room, and, clapping on his hat over his gray locks, he rushed wildly down the stairs and out into the street.

A steady stream of persons was traveling in one direction, and he fell in with them perforce because he did not want to battle his way along the curb against them. Presently the stream began to pour into a church, carrying him with it. Herr Mayo did not know what denomination of church it was, and he might not have known had his wits been alert, so long it was since he had been inside one. But as he sat among the worshipers, hearing the organ peal and the words of eternal hope and mercy, something seemed to burst inside his shriveled old heart and the warm tides of pity and love leaped through the barriers that he had upreared against his test tubes and weighed out imper- ceptible quantities of compounds from his tiny measuring scales? That was Herr Mayo's one chivalrous act, and he had paid in honor and wealth and friends when he plunged into the irretrievable because love proved stronger than prudence. And they had always been happy until she died, five years before, though often the lean hunger wolf howled against the threshold. But then there was their child, Ida, and she, too, had become a memory, and nothing remained except the bubbling test tube and the spreading color beneath the surface layer of gold.

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He Tore the Papers Into 20 Strips.

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"You Are Looking for Somebody, Sir?" He Asked.

and sob out his wretchedness there. Minna lived in her again, for motherhood had wrought a miracle on the pale, listless girl, who had cringed before his anger four years before and at last gone sullenly from his home, penniless, into the darkness.

But she had not seen him, nor would she. Mayo saw now the cause of that maternal light in her eyes, bright with the love that he had denied her. They were bent upon a little, yellow-haired boy who sat restless beside her, fidgetting, as boys will fidget in church. And the boy, in turn, was a replica of Ida's infancy.

He must take her home. They would be all to one another, the three of them. His heart yearned over these two generations of his own flesh and blood. And when the service ended, he rose eagerly to cross to where they were seated. But the people, moving out of their pews into the aisle, obstructed his passage, and he was compelled to make a circuitous detour in order to reach his objective. He saw her, lost her; and at last, when he reached the pew where she had sat, Ida was gone. He hurried frantically hither and thither. The church was empty now; and yet it seemed incredible that he had lost her for ever. Somebody touched him on the arm. A clergyman in a long black gown was speaking to him.

"You are looking for somebody, sir?" he asked kindly.

"My daughter," the old man mumbled.

"She must have gone home. No doubt you will find her at home. There is nobody here."

The old man turned and began stumbling homeward through the thinning street crowds. Once he had gained the street which led to his house he began running like a madman. Truly it must be as the clergyman had said. Ida was at home, of course, with her little boy. She had never left him; all that had been a bad dream from which he would awake when he entered. He let himself in and switched on the electric light. The room was empty and almost bare, and it had never looked so forlorn and miserable before.

He realized that she was lost to him forever. She would accept his silence as final; she would never write to him again. And her address had vanished from his memory utterly. He had barely glanced at it once and purposely refrained from looking at it again before he tore the letter into fragments and flung them into the stove. He had chosen his miser's gold, and it lay like a dead weight upon his heart.

A scrap of paper on the floor caught his eye. He picked it up; it was a morsel of the envelope and bore his name, Julius Mayo, and the first figure of the house number. Perhaps other morsels might have fluttered out of the fire—perhaps just the one which would give him the clue to his daughter's address. Instantly he was down upon his knees and raking among the dying embers, turning over the coals, begriming his hands with the clinker ash. Another scrap rewarded his efforts. This was the upper corner of the envelope, bearing a portion of the canceled stamp, with the benign features of Washington. There was no more; he could not find so much as a single charred fragment.

The old man rose slowly and stared at his white face in the little glass that hung above the mantel. His eyes were feverish and his gray hair hung in a disordered mass over his forehead. He remembered the old German legend that on one day in the year the souls in hell were permitted to stand outside the gates of Paradise and to look in. This was his day; this was Christmas Eve, the anniversary of Minna's death, the [illegible]

"Who Are You?" Demanded Herr Mayo With Sudden Tenderness.

went so quick I lost you and my mamma, too. But I knew you lived here, 'cause mamma often showed me when we used to pass."

Herr Julius Mayo carried the child into the room. He put back the razor in its case. Then he went into his laboratory and began pitching the tubes and bottles into the stove. The crashing glass alarmed the little boy.

"What are you doing, grandpa?" he asked.

"Just tearing down an idol, sonny," answered the old man. "When you are grown up, maybe, you will remember this, and tear down your old idols, too. Come, sonny, we're going home to mamma."

He picked him up again and carried him downstairs with infinite tenderness. At the street door he stopped and imprinted a kiss upon the nodding head that rested on his shoulder. And outside the [illegible] striking midnight.

[illegible] STRENGTH, VIGOR

[illegible] was in such a rundown, thin and [illegible] condition I couldn't sleep good again and had got so weak and nervous I couldn't keep a sewing machine going. My blood was thin and dizzy spells were bothering me lots when a friend luckily told me about Earle's Hypo-Cod. I bought, in all, about four bottles, and it is wonderful medicine. Since getting back to health myself I have recommended this tonic to dozens of friends, who likewise praise Hypo-Cod to the skies," declared Ida Barnes, 217 N. St., S. W., Washington, D. C.

Frail, thin-blooded, nervous women should not permit their system to become so weak. They need a tonic to enrich their blood, give them added weight, strength and vigor, red, rosy cheeks and vitality. Perhaps recent sickness has caused the breakdown. If so, they should give Earle's Hypo-Cod, that thousands of users say is so good, a thorough trial. Druggists, chemists and experts assert it is the most powerful tonic of its kind made, yet you will be surprised how pleasant it tastes. Take home a bottle with you tonight.

Earle's Hypo-Cod is sold by all good druggists.—Adv.

GIVES THEM TIME TO THINK

Unique but Effective Treatment Accorded Quarrelsome Married Couples in Swabia.

In Swabia they have a curious custom aimed at reviving harmony in troubled homes. Whenever a married couple, declaring incompatability of temperament, seeks divorce, instead of appealing for conciliation to a magistrate who may or may not be a psychologist and may or may not be blessed with persuasive eloquence, the authorities shut up husband and wife in a tower, allowing them only one fork and one plate between them. The result of the experiment is then patiently awaited.

The story goes that nine times out of ten, at the end of a few hours of this inconvenient regime, the two are released from the tower perfectly reconciled. Material necessities have drawn them together and effaced the sentimental misunderstandings. And they return happily to their dwelling to breakfast more comfortably in the peace of the reconstituted home, whose imperfections they no longer perceive.

A Fire Every Minute.

A fire rages somewhere every minute of every day in the United States. Most of them are preventable, Charles E. Case, a New York insurance man and fire prevention expert, told the chamber of commerce at a "Fire Prevention" luncheon at the Hotel Baltimore. The epidemic of preventable fires the last year was attributed by Mr. Case to easy-going wastefulness because of prosperity. "It is as if the people of the United States squandered $900,000 and 60 human lives each day," he said.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use for Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

He Took the House.

Mr. Flatbush—I was looking at a house on Pleasant avenue today.

Mrs. Flatbush—Good! And can you get it.

"Why, yes; I took it."

"Splendid, Henry! Does it look better than our present habitation?"

"I'm afraid it won't to you, dear. I took it with my camera."

Granulated Eyelids, Sties, Inflamed Eyes relieved overnight by Roman Eye Balsam. One trial proves its merit.—Adv.

Looked Like Proof.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—You know, whisky is a medicine.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—I can't believe it.

"Why can't you?"

"Because you never make a face when you're taking it, and if it was a medicine you couldn't help making a face."

How's This?

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will do what we claim for it—cure Catarrh or Deafness caused by Catarrh. We do not claim to cure any other disease.

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is a liquid, taken internally, and acts through the blood upon the mucous surfaces of the system, thus reducing the inflammation and restoring normal conditions.

All Druggists. Circulars free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

NO JURISDICTION IN HADES

Pope's Witty Reply to Official Who Complained of Being Portrayed as a Lost Soul.

The classical example of a painter's spite, or artistic punishment, is that of Michaelangelo in his famous fresco of the "Last Judgment" on the wall of the Sistine chapel. When one of the papal chamberlains reported to the pope, Paul III, that the painter was exceeding proper bounds in his use of the nude, the artist, in disgust, took occasion to immortalize his critic by giving his features to one of the figures in the infernal regions which there is a glimpse at in a corner of the great fresco. The grieved official complained to Paul III and begged him to order the painter to remove the portrait.

"Where did you say he has put you?" inquired the pontiff, who did not care to interfere with the most artist of his age.

"He has put me [illegible]," replied the indignant chamberlain.

"Ah!" said the pope, "then I have no jurisdiction there. Adieu."

Impure blood makes you [illegible] and [illegible] to be sick but [illegible] or the [illegible] of kidney or [illegible] disease. When the kidneys are [illegible] healthy condition, they may cause [illegible] other organs to become diseased.

You may suffer pain in the back, headache and loss of ambition.

Poor health makes you nervous, irritable and may be despondent; it makes anyone so.

But hundreds of women claim that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, by restoring health to the kidneys, proved to be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

Many send for a sample bottle to see what Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine, will do for them. By enclosing ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., you may receive sample size bottle by Parcel Post. You can purchase medium and large size bottles at all drug stores.—Adv.

A New Way.

Little Mary, who was just three years old, came home all excited. "Mother," she said, "the new people moving next door wash their clothes in a stove."

"Why, my child, who ever told you that?" replied the mother.

"The moving man said so. He was taking a funny looking stove in the house and I asked him what was it. He said it was a laundry stove."—Indianapolis News.

Cuticura for Pimply Faces.

To remove pimples and blackheads smear them with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Once clear keep your skin clear by using them for daily toilet purposes. Don't fail to include Cuticura Talcum.—Adv.

Cornered.

"Mamma, why has papa no hair?"

"Because he thinks so much, my dear,"

"But why you have so much?"

"Because—go away and do your lessons, you naughty boy!"—New York Central Magazine.

Genuine

BAYER

Aspirin

You must say "Bayer"

Warning! Unless you see the name Bayer on tablets you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for 21 years and proved safe by millions.

Accept only an "unbroken package" of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin," which contains proven directions. Handy boxes of 12 tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell bottles of 24 and 100—Larger "Bayer" packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.